

A SHORT
ACCOUNT
OF A
DIALOGUE

BETWIXT
The D^K-----l and Mr. Spintext, a
P-----n T-----r.

At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus.

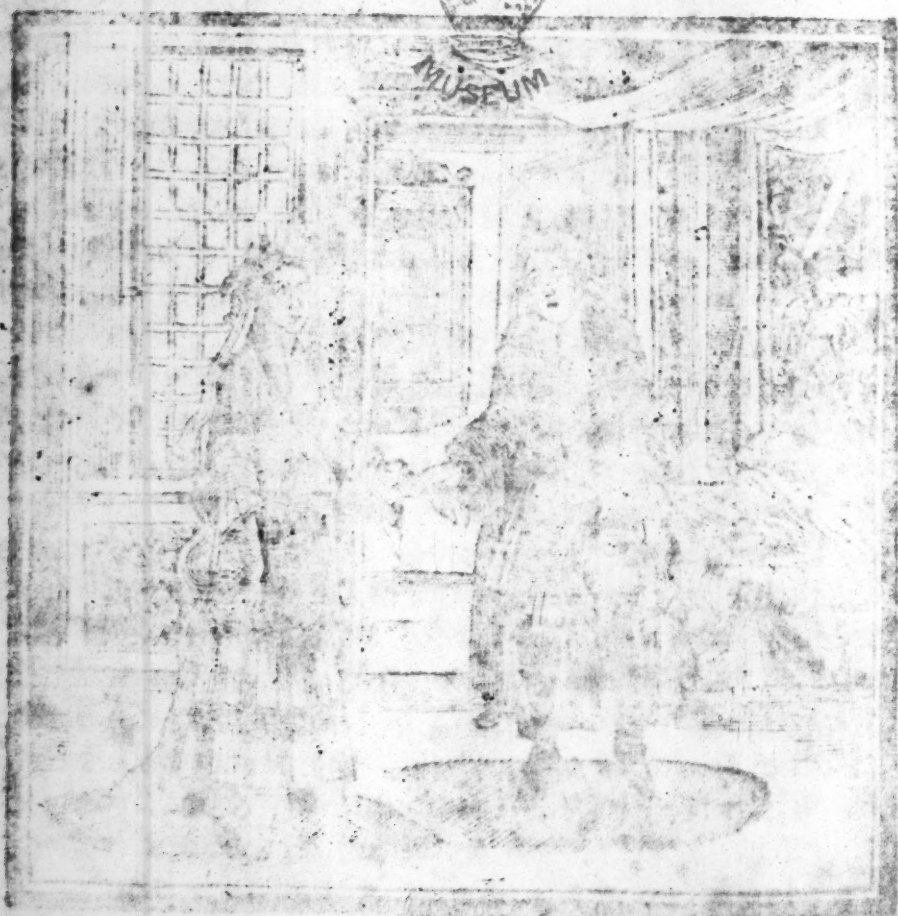
Hor.

*Fronti nulla fides. Quis enim non vicus abundat
Tristibus obscænis?*

Juv.



A SHORT
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BETWEEN
MR. SPINNEY &
P.



The D-----l appears to Mr. Spintext in the Form of a Beautiful Woman; with whom he is very much enamour'd till by taking up the Lady's Petticoats he discovers the Cloven-Foot.

D. Solomon's Wisdom brought *Sheba's* Queen from a Climate far remote, to pay Honour to the Jewish Sage. No wonder then, that I a poor humble Pilgrim leave my Native Soil, desirous to hear those Sacred Oracles of Truth, which tho' not from Oaken Tree as erst, yet from Heart of Oak you weekly utter—I hope I don't surprize nor interrupt you, Sir.

P. Welcome fair Female Saint, welcome as Rest to wearied Travellers, as Shade to burning Lovers, as Health to worn out Hecticks, or as the kind refreshing Showers to sickly Corn parch'd up by *July* Heats. My Business is to instruct the Godly-minded, and to mark out the nearest Way to Paradise; hence I live retired from the Ungodly World to converse with the Immortal Saints, *Calamy* or *Baxter*, or learn'd *Owen*, whose pious Relicks imploy my Days devoted to the Good of others. And at Night, when Prelates and Prelatarians indulge in Sleep, from Evening till Midnight that space I spend in Prayer, from thence to Morn in Godly Speculations, and if e'er I chance to slumber my very Dreams are on Celestial Themes. Then to mortifie this frail Earthly Tabernacle, two Days in the Week I set apart for Fasting.

D. That spare thin Body and meagre Aspect denote indeed a War 'twixt the inward and the outward Man! Good Mr. Spintext, I admire you.

P. Am I admired by the fairest Saint I ever saw?

D. I mean for your extraordinary Piety.

P. The Saints don't use to entertain carnal Love on interdicted Objects, the Practice of the wicked, once or twice a Week we render due Benevolence to our own Brides, for which we are upbraided by wicked Worldlings who scoff at Moderation.

D. That which in me I took for Holy Zeal and Spiritual Ardour begins to turn to——

P. Madam, there are Grants, Allowances, Dispen-sations, Pardons and Indulgencies for the Saints, tho' not for the wicked——Oh, your Lips are softer than an Angels!

D. Touch me not, Religious Mr. *Spintext*, you'll pollute your self.

P. By my Cloak I must, I will, I can't forbear——Hah, my Old Friend! The D——I turn'd to a Female P——n Saint.

D. Many a P——n has turn'd an arrant D——I, and why may not the D——I, to repay the Compliment, turn P——n?

P. I think the better way of the two, for then the Cloven-Foot may be hid the more conveniently under long Petticoats.

D. Well, how thrives Iniquity since I saw you last?

P. Beyond Expectation, considering the Coldnets of the Season, B——s, T——gue, S——ry, and the whole Serpentine Fraternity of Sin-mongers, the more we are oppress'd, the more warm and zealous we appear.

D. The true Spirit of P——y.

P. We are not like the Prelatarian Husbandmen, who sow their Seed by the way side, had we but a warm Sun we need not question a plentiful Crop. But the Tables are turn'd Master, there is a strange Metamorphosis, a strange Transmigration not of Souls into other Bodies, but of Bodies into other Places. Our old Friends W——n, S——rs, H——n, &c. are

are quite discarded, and none but honest worthy Patriots now must govern, a general Reformation prevails in C——t and Country: Damn the Author of it, that Bold, Truth-speaking What d' y' call him, *Cbeverel*, who like *Abdiel* among many faithless, was faithful found.

D. Had I that Pettifogging Itinerant Saint on the other side the River *Styx*, I'd stew him and serve him up at an Entertainment for the mighty *Hogens Mogens* the Ruling Elders of *Scotland*.

P. He would make rare Sweet-meat, it pleases me to think how Old *Nolt* would grin and lick his Chops at it ——— Now for a Counter-Plot, or all the Designs of the Covenanters are blasted, and our Vows and Oaths are vain. Never was *Rome* so near being destroy'd by the *Gauls*, as the C. of *E.* was by us. But as *Camillus* heretofore, so now a Guardian-Angel interpos'd. We had proved Episcopacy to be a Juggle without the least Divinity belonging to it, that all Power is founded in the Populace, and that a Government may consist all of Kings.

*And soon had we trepann'd both Q——n and C——h,
Had not Dame Fortune left us in the Lurch.*

D. All Sublunary things are obnoxious to change, a quick Succession appears in the whole Course of Nature. The Night succeeds the Day, one Week another, the Winter Spring: Then Summer must take place: And after Autumn. Mark me well, Before Nature has thrice compleated these Annual Revolutions *Sempronia* and the W——gs shall reign again.

P. I thought indeed the D——l would overcome the Doctor at long run—— Could I but see those days when Sin unmask'd, unpunish'd, might reign at large as it did before the Flood, when Men might take their Swinge of Iniquity uncontroul'd.

D. Unjust and Arbitrary are the Laws which bind a Free-born Subject, and infringe on the Liberty and Property

Property of Saints. Annul such Oafish Institution
ye Hide-bound Slaves, and learn from the North
Britains to be free.

P. Had I it in my Power, I'd soon extirpate Pro-
lacy.

D. Good.

P. Burn the Bishops.

D. Better.

P. And abolish Monarchy.

D. Best of all.

P. Curse on those puny Retail Sinners, who want
Temptation to be vitious; I love to sin for sinning
sake. — But how to conform our Practice to our
Wishes is a Thought of no mean concern.

D. What is it that supports the Crown?

P. Religion.

D. What maintains Religion?

P. The Church.

D. What protects the Church?

P. Episcopacy.

D. What upholds Episcopacy?

P. A Divine Right.

D. Then, after advancing your own Party, en-
courage a Diversity of Opinions in Religion, for this at
length will bring Men to none at all. Teach them that
nothing is sinful that promotes their Sect, that they
may deceive without Lying, lye without Sin, forswear
without Perjury, and perjure without Danger. Next,
under the Notion of praying by the Spirit, by dis-
fusing all Forms of Worship, by denying all Spiritual
and Temporal Constitutions, except your own, and
consequently all reveal'd Religion, the Party may
by degrees introduce Scepticism: This strikes at the
very Foundation, and if that be once undermin'd
the Superstructure falls of course. The first Principle
of a Reformato Saint should be Infidelity — Then,
what is it that justifies a bad Cause?

P. Gain.

D. What

D. What accomplishes all Designs?

P. Gain.

D. What is Godliness?

P. Gain.

D. Therefore the second Fundamental Principle is prefer Money before all things. This is the *Good Cause*: Has Power to absolve a perjured Parricide, and to insure Pardons for future Crimes unknown.

What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?

P. *About Two Hundred Pounds a Year.*

D. *And that which was prov'd true before Prove false again?* P. *Two Hundred more.*

D. The other Ingredients of Reformation are, the Cry of publick Welfare, Detraction, Forgery, and Dissimulation, but above all the Pretext of Religion which sanctifies Sacrilege, and by an artificial Varnish disguises and sets off the worst of Crimes. That our Designs are feazable, we learn from Forty One. But, Saint, be wary, be exceeding wary, for only Time can effect such Revolutions; leave this to Time, the *Scots* and me. In the mean while, since Force avails not, by Art and pious Frauds endeavour to foil the *Tories* Triumph; Weaken those whom you can't o'ercome, whom you can't seduce, divide. Hence play the Hypocrite under all Disguises: Cant, fast, pray, may be good upon occasion; create Jealousies, deceive, forswear, traduce, and lye. Dissemble every Vertue, act every Vice as Time shall serve. Add to this Policy, the Practice of the *Indians*.

P. *Dictum Sapienti*, that is, with a Female to decoy the Male. I have the D——l, and if I can but get the Ladies of my side, Defiance to the World, the third Enemy of Mankind. No Art is wanting on my part to procure their Interest, a Godly Sorrow sits always on my Brow, in publick I am reserv'd, in private free, by which I gain the good Opinion of both Sexes, by that the Husbands and by this the Wives: Thus

Thus by an affected sanctified Air I dissemble the very want of Dissimulation. Then, as knowing the Season when Women are most inclin'd to learn, I seldom visit but when the Good-man is abroad, and not like *Belmour* in the Play, gallant it without a Religious Treatise in my Pocket: For if some unlucky Accident should bring the Dotard home before the expected Hour, I strait begin a Lecture in Divinity. Ah this Heavenly-minded Man! the Cuckold cries, this Man of G——d is always employ'd about Works of Goodness. By these means I can call half my Congregation Children, not only in *St. Paul's* Spiritual Sense, but according to the Letter.

D. *Nic Machiavel*, who had more Tricks than I have, had not half so many as a P——n T——r, if all the Party were such right turn'd Saints.

P. One Summer more should end the *Tory* Reign. The Female Saints, out of a Principle of Piety, cheat their Husbands to enrich their Teacher; whereby whilst Prelatarian Pastors in tatter'd Crape hold forth for Twenty Pounds a Year, Two or Three Hundred don't suffice for me, besides the daily Presents of richest Dainties which Godly Matrons make to support and enliven Spiritual Zeal.

D. The Pleasure of being a P——n T——r.

P. For all these Conveniencies I only look religiously, lye profoundly, and preach spiritually.

D. And act carnally.

P. To some I give Substance, to others Wind for Money, with which they are all so satisfied, that methinks I wonder which is greater, the Pleasure of deceiving or of being deceived.

F I N I S.

The P——ns, and all the Sects

Are but the Maggots of corrupted Texts;

They preach up Honesty, but practise Sin;

All Saints without, but D——ls all within.